

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI.

Paderewski is losing his grip on the piano, that is to say, he is getting bald.

London's last census shows that there are fifteen births and eleven deaths each hour.

Give General Campos "the heads of the insurgent leaders," and he doesn't care what becomes of their bodies.

The Dallas physical culture society continues to express confidence in its ability to hold its October meeting.

A Maine editor has sent little Marion Cleveland a poodle. Most of the editors have been giving her father pointers.

The man who keeps up with the latest books and magazines isn't going to have time to earn the money to buy 'em.

There is probably no truth in the report that bicyclers become pigeon-toed, though there may be some cooling among them.

The Atlanta bull fight has been declared off; but the exposition's board of lady managers continue to have their set-tos unmolested.

It was a sad day for Minister Ransom when he was declared unconstitutional, but it is sorrow's crown of sorrows to find that he can draw no salary.

Corbett doesn't drink. John Barleycorn is credited with knocking out John Sullivan, and Corbett took warning. Whereupon Mr. Alimony steps in and swats him.

Two thousand saloons will probably be closed in Chicago with the end of the beer war, but Chicago will manage to stagger along with the five thousand other places.

The transfer of the Russian minister at Washington to Germany is explained by his desire to complete his daughter's education in music. Sweet are the uses of diplomacy.

It is calculated that the present political fight in Kentucky is provoking more cuss words to the square inch than any since the memorable campaign in Flanders.

After a few days of Newport life the duke of Marlborough will be expected to go home and write a learned volume on the economic, social, religious and political life of the American people.

It is a remarkable fact that in all these boundary disputes with Great Britain the United States has never claimed anything, has always been on the defensive, and usually has been worsted.

The new woman must not be discouraged by the assignment of Mrs. Ostrum, the Texas feminine lawyer and real estate owner. Misfortune may bar a determined lady attorney for a time, but not for long.

W. P. Hayes, a St. Paul baseball umpire, has sued the Minneapolis Times for saying he stole a game he umpired. From the general tone of remarks addressed to the umpire the impression has gone abroad that only professional criminals were employed for that position. So light an aspersion as being called a thief was supposed to amount almost to a compliment.

Thomas R. Howard of St. Louis, a descendant of the famous English family of Howards and a broker of many years' standing, is under arrest charged with poisoning a negress named Nancy Leathe. It is said that Howard was also attempting to poison Priscilla Henry, in order to secure her estate, valued at \$100,000. Mr. Howard is knocking some of the luster off a distinguished name.

A sharp upward movement of the earth was noted at Tehuacan, in the state of Puebla, Mexico, recently. Among students of seismic phenomena it is the general opinion a volcano is forming in one of the lofty mountains near Tehuacan. Subterranean rumblings more or less prolonged have been heard and the natives are panic stricken. It is probably a Chicago real estate man booming a sub-division.

Oklahoma has harvested nearly all her desperadoes. The crop was pretty well sown when Zip Wyatt was mowed down with Winchester's last week. Bill Cook, Jim French, "Skeeter," Cherokee Bill, the "Verdigris Kid" and Wyatt all sprung from the seed sown by the Daltons. The penitentiary and repeating rifle have got all except Cherokee Bill, who is waiting for the noose. From the present outlook the new stand of robbers, cutthroats and murderers is not good and promises a puny crop.

"HARVEST IS RIPE."

By Jay Lee.



I HAD BEEN A hot day; the sun had beaten down on the dry and dusty stubble field with unrelenting force; the cattle since early in the forenoon had been lying in the shade, or standing in the little pools of water, all that was left of the brook that usually ran through the pasture, and standing there, placidly switched their tails and contentedly munched their everlasting cuds, seemingly as happy as though the pasture was knee deep with fresh, dew-besprinkled clover.

In the stubble field adjoining, there were no such signs of contentment. All day long, while the sun was the fiercest, men and teams had hurried from the field to the barn and back again, going in with wagon piled high with the sheaves of grain, and coming back empty, save as to the boy or man who drove the horses. It was the last day of "wheat hauling," and Squire Stevens was anxious that the crop should be housed, to be thrashed at his leisure.

It was nearly sundown, and the intense heat of the day was somewhat abated. Not until then did I venture far from the low, rambling house that seemed to retire in the shade of the great elms that towered above it, and find my down the little, grass-grown lane, toward the great barn. The last load was entering the barn yard, and the Squire with his big straw hat pushed back, and pitch fork in hand walked with tired, but satisfied, tread behind the wagon. He stopped when he saw me, and chaffingly said: "Well, missy, you come along to help when the sun goes down, do you, and the last load is in?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I didn't know you needed help, or I should have been here before."

The Squire laughed. "Lots of account you'd be in the harvest field, now, wouldn't you? But I can tell you that my sisters used to turn out with a hearty will, and help when the work was pushed. Yes, sir, father used to say that Cynthia was the best son he had."

"But, Squire," I put in, "you wouldn't allow your daughter to go into the



"WHY YOU DEAR OLD POP," harvest field and help haul grain, now would you?"

"Allow? Why, bless your heart, I couldn't drag her there with a four horse team.—Not that I'd want to," he added after a pause, "for times have changed, and there ain't the necessity for it now."

I burst into a laugh to think of Dorothy Stevens in the harvest field; the daintiest little maid in all the country round, with a proud little will of her own, and yet a lovable disposition. She was the apple of her father's eye, and many staid old neighbors considered her a spoiled daughter.

While we spoke she came bounding into the yard on her saddle horse, and with a nod to me, she turned to the Squire.

"Well, pop, how's the wheat? Do we go to Europe, this winter? Have you reaped what you sowed?"

"Folks usually do," said the Squire as he helped her dismount.

"Well, yes," replied Dorothy, "unless the crop fails, you know, and I believe that happens sometimes. Do you know," she rattled on, talking to neither of us in particular, "I've been thinking of that very thing to-day. It's promised that what-so-ever a man sows that shall he reap, but it seems to me that that holds goods more especially with weeds than it does with a good crop. I know pop here, fusses around a sight about his seed wheat and his seed corn, and then the crop fails sometimes, while if a little bit of 'cheat' gets in the wheat once it lasts for years. And I guess it's pretty much the same way with sowing other things—good deeds, you know, and all that. I can go along being a model, girl for months at a time—"

"I'd like to know when you tried that experiment," put in the Squire, but Dorothy did not deign to notice.

"—and I don't see that any great crop is harvested; but let me slip up once on something, and I'm sure to get into trouble right away."

"Well, you'll have to admit that that's a good thing," said the father, "if you didn't get into trouble, there's no telling where you'd land."

"I wasn't complaining about the trouble I get into; I'm willing enough to abide by that," replied the daughter, "if I sow 'cheat,' I expect to reap it, but my complaint against nature is that we don't always harvest wheat, even when we sow good seed."

"Well, at least," I put in, "if you plant wheat, you don't reap dust and ashes—if you'll allow me to mix my metaphors."

"You mean we don't get 'cheat'?" said Dorothy. "I'm not sure of that. Don't you remember the tares in the Bible? To be sure, though, somebody sowed them; I suppose the sower ought to have kept awake and watched his crop. I guess that must be the way of it; a bad crop grows if you give it half a chance, while a good crop has to be sown with care, and watched and tended, nursed and petted, and then you don't know whether it will grow or not."

"Dorothy," said the Squire, "you're getting to be a regular pessimist. Let's go to supper and see if a good square meal would do you good," and we all went into the house.

II.

"I think Dorothy," said the Squire, as we sat at the supper table, "that you expect the harvest of a good crop too soon. You mustn't cut your wheat before it is ripe."

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Dorothy from her place at the head of the table. "I see a great many fields where a harvest of any sort seems impossible. I came past the Hazard place, this afternoon, and if you'll believe it, there was Abby, herself, out in the wheat field with that boy that lives there, getting in the wheat."

The Squire looked at his plate, muttering something about it being a shame.

"That's just what I thought, and said," continued Dorothy. "I told her it wasn't right for her to be doing such drudgery, and reminded her that men were intended to do that kind of work, but she only said, 'For men must work, and women must weep,' and then added, 'Well, Dorothy, I prefer to do a little more work and a little less weeping, for my part,' and went on tossing the sheaves up on the wagon. Now, what I want to know is, when is Abby Hazard going to reap her reward? There she has been toiling away on that little old farm ever since I can remember, kind, faithful and intelligent, doing more good to this neighborhood than half the men in it put together, and yet her life becomes harder, every year. Where's her harvest?"

There was a curious look on the Squire's face as he said:

"She might have had a harvest years ago, if she—if she would only—cut the grain when it ripens."

Dorothy looked at him as though she did not understand, but he seemed to have nothing more to say, and after a time she asked:

"Why has she always lived there alone?"

"Because she's a very foolish woman," the Squire blurted out. "Because she's the salt of the earth, that's why. You see," he continued in a calmer tone, "the Hazard farm was left to her and her worthless brother, on conditions that one of them live on it; if they both leave it, it goes to some sort of a missionary society. Dick always was a wild chap, and he'd never been here since his grandfather's death, leaving the care of the place, and more than that, on Abby's shoulders, for he was always giving notes to pay his debts, and when they fell due, Abby paid them. That's why Abby worked like a slave, and that's why she never—harvested her reward." The Squire stirred his tea in an absentminded way. Finally Dorothy said, "But Dick's dead, now."

"Yes, but his debts haven't paid, and Abby hasn't learned any sense."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Dorothy, surprised at his warmth, "How hasn't she learned?"

The Squire made no reply but contracted his brows, and sat in seeming perplexity. As Dorothy poured another cup of tea, she said more to me than to him:

"Why don't some good man marry her? She'd make an excellent wife."

The Squire started.

"Do you think so, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I do," she replied. "She's the most intelligent woman in the township, and when she's rested, she's really handsome—"

"Er—er—what kind of—a mother do you think, she'd make, Dorothy?" The Squire's face was very red, and he nervously fingered his knife and fork.

Dorothy looked at him in amazement for a moment and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, you dear old pop!" she cried, leaving her place and throwing her arms around his neck. "Who would have thought it! You of all men!" and then she smothered him with kisses and laughed and cried, while the Squire looked foolish, and I felt sadly out of place.

"Well, well, daughter," said the Squire, "we won't think of it, if you object; we—"

"But, pop, I don't object," cried Dorothy, "I think it'd be just—just great! I'm sure she deserves as good a man as you are, and you—you deserve some one to take care of you better than your heighly-flighty daughter can."

The Squire was on his feet in an instant.

"Will you come with me to Abby's?" he said, his eyes shining. "You see, for years I've wanted Abby to come here, but as long as Dick lived, she thought she ought to keep the place for him, and since his death, she's been afraid that—that it would seem like—like pushing you out, Dorothy."

"The idea!" exclaimed Dorothy, "and you let her think it! You're a couple of dear, old geese, that's what you are!"

By this time she had her father's best hat out, and her own on her head, and excusing themselves to me, they went to tell Abby that her harvest was at last ripe.

A CRIMEAN GUN DUEL.

The Russians Were Chivalrous Enough to Admit Their Gun's Defeat.

While the flag of truce was flying a Russian officer of artillery went up to ask Sir Richard Airey if Gen. Daures, commanding the English artillery, was on the ground. On Sir Richard answering in the negative the officer said: "Your sixty-eight-pounder gun that your people call Jenny is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good in that embrasure," pointing up to the mamelon, "and we would like to have a fair duel with her." Airey took up the challenge at once, and everything was arranged for 12 o'clock noon next day. When the time arrived all the batteries on both sides ceased firing. A large number of officers, French and English, were assembled at our lookout station, behind the twenty-one-gun battery, to look on, says a writer in an English paper. Our sailors' gun detachment mounted on their parapets and took off their hats, saluting the Russians. The Russians returned the compliment. The English gun was given the first shot as the senior gun; it struck the side of the Russian embrasure. Then they fired—a very good shot, too. The third shot from Jenny went clean through the Russian embrasure and up went two gabions. The blue jackets jumped up on their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponents. Not a bit! A minute afterward down went the gabions and out came the Russian gun again. Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good ones. Jenny got a nasty thump, but it did her no harm. At length, I think the seventh shot from our side, we saw the Russian gun knocked clean over. Our fellows cheered vociferously and the Russians mounted their parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of their defeat. All the batteries then opened again. Thus ended the great gun duel.

BEYOND THE SEA.

At Charleville, France, lightning lately struck the church steeple while two choir boys were ringing the bells. One of the boys was killed instantly.

Some weeks ago a dentist at Liege, Belgium, while extracting a tooth of a workman, received a slight scratch on the right hand. Later inflammation set in, and ultimately the arm had to be amputated.

The Hungarian wine dealer who has hitherto provided Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria with select wines announces that his conscience does not permit him to have any more dealings whatever with that potentate so long as the latter is under suspicion of having connived at the murder of ex-Premier Stambouloff, the friend of Hungary.

JETSAM.

The San Francisco Call is to have a new fifteen-story building, costing \$500,000.

The Kalama, Wash., Bulletin has for its motto: "Grab All in Sight, and Hustle for More."

Under the new Oregon game law sportsmen are permitted to kill but 20 upland game birds a day.

English curates are thinking of forming themselves into a professional union, on the plan of the trades unions.

After having repaired the damage done to the Parthenon, the Athenian Archeological society will begin the work of excavating the lower slopes of the Acropolis.

A tanning concern in Seattle has received in one consignment 115 bales of deer skins, weighing eighteen tons, and representing, probably, several thousand dead deer.

The herring have turned their noses in the direction of the Eastport, Me., sardine factories, and business is rushing among the packers. The price, however, is very low.

Dr. Bohr has gone to the Faroe islands to study the breathing apparatus of the diver birds. In the same ship went the Ehlers expedition that is to investigate leprosy in Iceland.

George Augustus Sala's library, consisting of some 8,000 volumes, was recently sold at auction in London for £851, an average of 51 cents a volume. Among the volumes were some rare books and some exquisitely bound.

A peculiar form of asphalt paving has recently been tried in France. The asphalt powder is heated to 120 degrees and molded under a pressure of about five and one-half tons per square inch into blocks, which are afterwards set in cement mortar.

DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.

A Virginia Paper Brought to Terms by the American Book Company.

A dispatch from Norfolk, Va., says: "The American Book company of New York has just gained a signal victory in the courts of Virginia and has received an absolute and complete vindication after a long and exhaustive trial by special jury in the Circuit court of this city. The Pilot newspaper of this city, upon the awarding of the contract for school books to the American Book company, printed a long article written and prepared by R. E. Byrd, an agent and attorney for Ginn & Co., of New York, in which it was charged that the state superintendent had been bribed by the American Book company. The Pilot was immediately sued for libel, and, after a five weeks' trial, which created an immense amount of interest throughout the state, a verdict for punitive damages was recently awarded, and the jury found that the statements made were false and a deliberate libel. Not only so, but the company, upon unimpeachable evidence, was proved to have dealt honorably and uprightly in every particular in their negotiations with the state officials. It was further proved at the trial that no better terms had been made with any other state for school books. In fact, the attorney-general of Virginia stated that the American Book company seemed to throw open their whole business to us, and after full and complete examination of all the original contracts made with the various states he expressed himself as absolutely satisfied that the prices were the same in all cases and that no discrimination whatever had been made against the state of Virginia. Furthermore he mentioned that none of the statements of the American Book company had been accepted until every one of them had been absolutely verified by direct reference to the governors of some fifteen states, with whom contracts had been made. This proved conclusively that the representations of the American Book company were correct in toto. This celebrated case has thus ended in a complete triumph in every respect for the American Book company, and has shown in clear contrast the clean and business-like methods in which they carry on their great industry as compared with the attempted use of political pulls and misstatements by their opponents."—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONALS.

George Q. Cannon has translated the Books of Mormon into the Hawaiian language.

Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte-Wyse, the celebrated French engineer and explorer, died in Paris, Monday.

Antonio Maceo, the Cuban revolutionary leader, is a mulatto and a man of great culture and refinement.

Dr. Max Nordau, who practices his profession of medicine in Paris, is a Jew, and his real name is Simon.

John G. White, a Cleveland authority on chess, has a library of about 5,000 volumes devoted entirely to the game.

Captain Jonathan Norton, of Lee, Mass., the oldest man in western Massachusetts, has just celebrated his 99th birthday.

Blondin has always been a singular abstemious man in his personal habits, and at 72 is still able to perform on the tight rope.

In the opinion of Andrew Lang, Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, the Shakespearean scholar, is the greatest American.

Bandmaster John Philip Sousa is said to have an income of more than \$25,000 a year in royalties from his musical compositions.

Prince George of England is an inveterate cigar smoker. He consumes from forty to fifty of the little rolls of paper and tobacco each day.

Eugene Murer, a cousin of Henri Murer, whose bust was recently set up in the Luxemburg Garden, has been discovered singing in the Paris streets for a living.

Ex-Judge Strong, it is said, gave up an income of \$50,000 a year from his law practice to accept the place on the Supreme Court bench offered him by President Grant.

A bust of Charles Sumner, made by the colored woman sculptor, Elmondia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the Negro Building at the Atlanta Exposition.

The late O. H. P. Burnham, the Boston bookseller, who conducted his business for years in the basement of the old South church, left nearly \$400,000 to various charities.

A girl baby born the other day in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter, a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

Sir James Stephen, the father of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, once smoked a cigar, and because it was so delicious never smoked another. This fact is stated in Mr. Leslie Stephen's interesting life of his brother.

Sir Frederick Pollock, who made an address to the law school at Harvard during the commencement, is accused of appearing on the lecture platform wearing a high white hat, a blue shirt, lavender cravat, black frock coat and light trousers.

JOSH BILLINGS.

An anarchist is nothing better than a free-booter or a footpad.

I owe what little success I have attained to bitter and repeated failures.

Poetry is like butter—there is much of it in market, but only one kind of it that is good.

All prodigies soon tire out; even the learned pig has had his holiday, and gone back into his sty again.

The ananidy is the prince of all flat-terers. He covers with his foul saliva what he intends to swallow.

Just in proportion as a man knows himself will he know others, and have charity and forgiveness for them.